From Our Own Correspondent.
TURIN, Aug. 7, 1860. All the diplomacy of Europe having insisted upon the acceptance of the offered Neapolitan alliance, King Victor Emanuel could not refuse to write a letter to Garibaldi, recommending him to arrest his victorious career, and in the case that the Neapoltane should evacuate Sicily, not to attack Naples The gallant Dictator replied, on the 29th of July, from Messina, that with all his respect for, and de votion to, his Majesty, the position of Italy forbids him to comply with the royal desires. The people of Naples call on him, and if he should hesitate, he would fail to do his duty, and jeopard the cause of Italy. "Allow me," he says, "to disobey your " Majesty this time. When my mission shall be ful-filled I shall lay down my sword at your feet, "and obey you blindly all the remainder of my " fife." We do not doubt that the King was greatly satisfied with Garibaldi's disobedience. after which the negotiations with the Neapolitan Embassadors at once became ineffective. Accordingly, Mesers. Manna and Winspeare are making their preparations for departure, having failed to save the troops of the Bourbons by the good offices of the Turin Cabinet. We now expect, from day to day, the news of Garibaldi's landing on the Nea politan main. The Calabrian Baron Stocco has already preceded him with about 1,500 volunteers, and at Naples the people expect the Dictator as the only man able to preserve the capital from the borrors of a sanguinary street fight with the infuriated foreign ery and royal guards, who for the moment have been removed from Naples to Capua and Portici, but at the word of the King would at once return to murder and pillage. The very beggars in the streets ask their penny in the name and for the sake of Garibaldi, and wish that King Victor Emannuel may soon a hundred fold repay the gift. The daily press becomes from day to day bolder, and Committees are formed, putting themselves into communication with the Dictator, and inviting him to come as soon as possible. In the mean time the expeditions continue to be sent up from Genoa one started on Saturday, another on Monday, and to-morrow the third is expected to sail. The re volutionary elements of all Italy flock to Sicily there be to reorganized and broken to military dis cipline. Within a fortnight Naples will be in-vaded, and probably conquered within a month. September will suffice to put Lamoricière's bands to flight, and Garibaldi will return to upper Italy by way of Rome, to put three crowns at the feet of Vic-tor Emanuel. His friend Bertani at Genoa, who directs the fitting out of the expeditions, found however, even his rapid progress too tedious, and planned therefore, a direct invasion of the Romagna from Tuscany and Bologne, in order to spare himself the trouble and the Italians the cost of sending the volunteers first to Sicily. The Government could not remain ignorant of the schemes, which would have seriously compromised the Constitutional kingdom of Italy, and excited the indignation of diplomacy. Accordingly, Farini, the Minister of the Interior, went to Genoa, and succeeded in persunding Bertani and his friends to give up the adventurous plan, and to send the volunteers sembled in Tuscany as soon as possible to Sicily whence they will certainly return by way of th Papal States. According to the French proverb, every way leads to Rome; for the present it is by the essina. The English Government is quite aware of this fact, but it knows likewise that Gari baldi is not the man after having accomplished s much, to stop at the Po and Mincio, and Lord John Russell, eager to preserve the peace of Europe, and in the belief that Italy might, perhaps, yet strong enough to encounter the forces of Austria, ished to enter into a convention with the Empero Napoleon, by which Garibaldi should be stopped on the Mincio; but the Emperor replied: Unless we stop him in Sicily it will be too late, and we must allow the Italians to work out their regenera-tion as well as they can. Thus, the principle of

of diplomacy.

The Oriental question now presents still greater difficulties than the Italian troubles. The French expedition to Syria, 6,000 men, even if doubled by the contingents of Austria and Russia, is insufficient to reduce the fanatical spirit of the Lebanon and of the desert, and the six months to which the occupa-tion is restricted will probably have to be quadru pled in time. Besides, it is quite certain that so soon as the French expedition reaches the coast of Asia, an explosion will take place in Servia, in Bosnia, in Thessaly, and Moutenegro, threatening the Turks with expulsion from Europe, while in the Southern Asiatic Provinces the revival of Maho medan fanaticism may jeopard the lives of the Christians. Poor Turkey will scarcely be saved by giand, wishing to exclude Eu-

non-intervention was once more sanctioned, and the Dictator is not to have any fears of the intrigue

subjects, especially the Hungarians, by some concessions on the 15th of August, the anniversary of his birthday, but it seems that these tardy conces-sions will share the fate of those of his cousin of Naples-they are too late to have any effect. Thus we see difficulties on every side; the despots are trembling and the hopes of the nations are reviving. The year 1860 will probably see the great final battle between despotism and liberty even in Germany, where the Princes, by appealing to the old national antipathy against France, have for a moment succeeded in stifling the enthusiasm for Italy, and in silencing the voice of justice to Poland and Hun-gary. The Emperor of Austria visits now one King gary. The Emperor of Austria visits now one King after another. Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wür-temberg, and Hanover, seem to be hand and glove with Austria. Still the Liberal party cannot fail soon to awake from their present torpor, and to think of their own interests, not of the interests of their kings and princes.

## AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

Prom Our Own Correspondent. PARIS, Aug. 10, 1860.

The late W. Shakespeare, in the course of some historical remarks, says: "Uneasy lies the head "that wears a crown." No such head-dress rounds the mortal temples of Louis Napoleon, whose imperial poll remains as bare of the golden top of sovereignty as the French state edifice of the liberty-cap with which he promised to crown it some years ago. That despite this, his Majesty is uneasy, being surrounded by a hedge quick set of suspicions, bayonets, diplomatic thorns, and all manner of botheration, is patent. That he lies in his last letter to Persigny, I deny, though its artistic imitation of free-and-easy, written-on-thewindow-sill frankness of style, at first naturally provoked such suspicion.

The fact of it is, that both the Eastern Question and the Italian Question have got quite out of the control of cabinets and diplomats, and kings and kaisers, and have got to a terribly active stage of debating themselves. They are a pair of irrepressible conflicts. Louis Napoleon was doubtlessly sincere when he assured the world, over the shoulders of his dear Persigny, that this sudden outburst of the former embarrassed him, and that he should be glad to see the latter settled, no matter how—(n'importe comment—but there is the devil of it, your Majesty, so to speak; the comment, the how, being of the last importance). The two together are threatening to impede in all sorts of ways the development of his great politico-econom cal system of internal improvements, commercial reforms, and financial regulation, for whose inauguration three or four years' of peace are needed. He was sincere in saying that he could hardly resist the national impulse driving him to intervene in this

atominable Syrian business.

I need go into no details of these recent horrors. Your European files will be filled with printed narrations of eye-witnesses. Enough to say that the

latest accounts confirm in every worst particular the earlier reports. They have aroused and are strengthening here not only an intense sympathy with the oppressed Christians, and indignation against their immediate butchers, but a feeling, fast running into a conviction, that the "sick man," Purkey, is dying, ought to die, and, to anticipate further mischief from the violence of his death-struggles, must be throttled.

Il thinking men have been long since agreed that so far as its estensible purpose—the confirmation of the Ottoman Empire—is concerned, the Crimean war was worse than a failure. And while, during its continuance, one of the nominal principals was a mere cipher in comparison with its allies, the conditions of reform imperiously imposed upon Turkey by allies and enemy alike at its conclusion, left a permanent cause of irritation to rankle in the heart of Islamism. The logical instinct of Mohammedan fanaticism rightly interpreted the Crimean war as a war upon Islamism. To pass over important re-sults of that war, such as the breaking down of the phantom prestige of Russia, and the furnishing of a base of operations for Cavour's Italian campaign against Austria, which latter Power committed the immense bungle of not taking sides and securing alliance with either party, let us come again to present state of feeling and opinion in France. Of the next ten men you shall meet upon the Boule-vards, nine will feel, and two or three think, that this intervention is not to be limited to six months and to six thousand French troops. When Napoleon entered the Italian campaign

last year, a few sympathizers with the cause of Italian independence, a few who hoped that out of it would spring the revived spirit of revolution that might react on France, a few historical thinkers, faithful to the secular, anti-Austrian, France-Italian policy, a few intelligent Napoleonists, who saw that the only possible means of anticipating revolu-tion was to lead it, and the official riff-raff of Napoleonists, quand même, were with him. Had the nation been called to vote yes or no for the war, it would have returned a negative answer as numer ous as the affirmative one it rendered to a different ous as the affirmative one it rendered to a different question in 1852. Were the question of Syrian in-tervention to be now put to the people, it would be responded to by a unanimous yea; the few thinkers and calculators mingling their voices in the chorus-cry of the feders. In the offices of nearly all the newspapers, in the churches, in the schools, in the hyperger of all sorts of administrations, subscriptions bureaus of all sorts of administrations, subscriptions are taken up for the relief of the surviving sufferers are taken up for the relief of the surviving sufferers of Mussulman persecution. Not less significant of the national sentiment (considering that we are in France) are the announcements of a drama in preparation by Victor Sejour, in collaboration with Mecquard, the Emperor's secretary [Sejour is one of the favorite and most successful of the Boulevard dramatics and in the second services and in the survivious second services. dramaturges, and is, with Mocquard, author of the famously popular melodrama founded on the story of the little Mortara]; of another by a Mr. Derosne, and still another by one Le Sire, "a piece in nine tableaux," all having for their subject the late

dramatic events" in Syria. Unhappily they are not limited to Syria. Through out the rotten Ottoman Empire tragedies on a lesser scale have been occurring for the past years, are now going on, and are threatening at any moment to assume as formidale proportions of bloody horror as at Damascus or on the slopes of Mount Lebanon. Any time since the affair of Jiddah, a good deal has been said and written, in a loose sensation style, about a deeply-planned Mussulman conspiracy whose central office and bureau of directors is at Mecca. There is no satisfactory proof at hand of any such conspiracy; nor is it necessary to suppose any such common understanding among the fanati cal priests acting upon the fanatical mob of irri-tated Mussulmans. But that, whether guided by a superior intelligent organization, or springing from an instinctive common feeling, there movement throughout the Ottoman Empire, if not movement throughout the Ottoman Empire, it not throughout all Islamdom, of active hostility to Christians within its limits, is lamentably evident. Jiddah not long ago, Syria a week ago, Candia, Constantinople, Belgrade, all Turkey in Europe, may be said to bristle with proofs of the irrisitible conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity -to state the case more largely, between barbarism and civilization—to state it politically, between the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and its impending

Honest John Bright blurted out his opinion in Parliament the other day, that the said Empire's integrity was not worth saving, and was hopelessly past salvation. To whom Lord Palmerston, in his imitable arrowant dale past savation. To woold Dot I amend that Turkey had reformed itself more extensively than any other country since the time of Mahmoud II. (A. D., 1840), and that if she were let alone, with nothing but good advice, she would come to be quite a model country in time. To support this enormous assertion, uttered in the very face of 15,000 mutilated Christian corpses just reformed to death within this happy realm, Lord Palmerston, carefully avaiding upon and argument boundaries. aveiding proof and argument, brought his wonted trick of mockery and off-hand jauntiness. John Bright, well-meaning, but stupid, was ass enough to believe all the prejudiced, false reports he read about the dilapidated condition of Turkey; Palmerston, could tell him, Bright, that he, Pal merston, had his Palmerston's, information, of the most reliable sort, from the infallible Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston had his accustomed success of turning the laugh on John Bright. Whether it was a proper laughing occasion, is a question on which cour correspondent and a quite numerous body of nominal Christians differ from the smiling majority of the House of Commons. It is to be noted that Lord Palmerston, in spite of his culogy on Turkey, approves of the present intervention in her practi-cal reforms; and that his setting up the Foreign Office above the sources of information accessible to John Bright, however facetious, is not felicitous.
Any "general reader" of the better class of London and Paris newspapers was repeatedly, before and during the Crimean War, before and during the Italian Campaign, and after both those series of events, informed respecting numerous important facts, defects, and purposes military, administrative and diplomatic, earlier and more accurately than the ministerial chiefs of said office—unless said chiefs disguised and denied their knowledge To take one instance: Lord John Russell's solemnly stated ignorance and disbelief of the French policy of Savoy annexation, a week after it was an oper secret to every general reader of the newspapers.

Palmerston's boutade will not save the Ottoman integrity. There is a fast-spreading conviction that it is past diplomatizing for. Even Lord Stratford de Redeliffe half gives it up as a hopeless case.

The London Times declares that the present effort which the writer of the article evidently regards is the merest transient palliative) to preserve it should be the last.

It is considerably plainer than a pike-staff that this Eastern question, and a number of others in which Europe is vitally interested, has got to be settled or very violently debated pretty presently. It won't take red tape and diplomatic adjournments for an answer. No more will the Italian question. Your Italian correspondent will tell you better than can how Joseph Garibaldi, the opposition leader in that debate, is pushing it to vote-how he re-spectfully regrets his momentary inability to meet the views of his royal correspondent, Victor Eman-uel [who would have been wofully disappointed if his friend Garibaldi had accepted his epistle au pied de la lettre] having just now "the honor to be" at the disposition of a national idea, and on the point of leaving for Naples, where everybody is exp ing him in a jumble of emotions—the worthless, scoundrelly, enthusiastic lazzaroni, friendlily expressing their's with the cry: Don Peppino

spettato. He is like to answer expectation, and nobody is like to withstand him. The Neapolitan soldiers come home from Sicily say he is eight feet high, and that when he shakes his red shirt after a fight musket balls rattle to the ground by the hundred. They are much of the opinion of Napoleon, that it is no good to interfere with him. You cannot shoot him, poison him, nor diplomatize him. He walks through musket balls, fortifications, probabilities, possibilities, and all sorts of respectable obstacles with an astonishing disregard of the rules. In a mere literary and quite secondary point of view, it is a pity that Thomas Carlyle has not attached himself as his historiographer instead of Alexander Dumas. Such a Boswell for such a Johnson would make the book we have been waiting for ever since Hemer sung the old Gods and heroes. Unhappily. Garibaldi can only smile at and tolerate Dumas who, unhappily, cannot give us Garibaldi pure and simple, but mixes him up with himself (with an in-

excusally large proportion of himself) in queer, frothy, soft-soapy Monte-Cristolized letters, which, after all, have their positive merit, and make us think better of the romancer and not worse of his

Don Peppino é aspettato at Naples, and will fulfill expectation. But Rome lies next door to Naples; Venetia is but across the street as it were from Naples. An attack upon Venice, which Garibaldi, with the Neapolitan navy at his command, is not a man to forego, implicates Piedmont in a war with Austria, which complicates France. Again, so long as the Pope and the French garrison are in so long as the Pope and the French garrison are in Rome, they must stay there together or France is dishonored. And the Pope wants to go to Bavaria, and L. N. B. can't let him go. "Que l' Italie se pacifie n' importe comment." Exactly so, your Majesty; the phase is as impatient and honest as that with which you slammed the door of your private cabinet the other day when you told Prince Napoleon to take all the Palais Royal, and do what he would with it, and leave you quiet, and go to the devil, so to speak. Which the Prince has, did and will respectively. But this Roman-Papal-Austro-Italian-Anglo-Russian-Oriental-Rhenish-revolutionary balance of power complexity cannot be olutionary balance of power complexity cannot be ettled up with a slammed door.

The Pope sent a letter a few days ago to the spiritual Tycoon of Antioch, Patriarch, or what not. It started with being a letter of condolence apropos of the recent butcheries of Christians in Syria but is mainly taken up with lively compassion and com-plaint for and about the writer's own afflictions. His Holiness is sorry for the killed Christians, and, within Christian limits, is bitter angry with the Mussulman infidels [well enough to note, by the way, that infidel Abd-el-Kader saved the lives of all Christians who sought his protection: the Emperor has decreed him a diamond cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his good service. Ahmed Pacha, the Military Governor of Damascus, who let all the butchery go on, was long ago decorated with the same cross, as was also Commandant Schmidt, the Swiss Dalgetty, who conducted the massacre of Christians at Perugia in the Pope's dominions last year]. Bitter angry with the Mussulman infidels, as I was saying, but a great deal angrier with Garibaldi, and the "public opinion of a certain Christian State" that supports him and encourages his wicked course. Whether the "certain State" is Piedmont or France is uncertain, for it is certain that public opinion goes with Garibaldi in both contries.

It is a parlous time for monarchal heads, whether

uncrowned or crowned with tiara, turban, or other national coiffure. They are all making calls on each other, as if to ask what's to be done next, and as if they all felt, in lack of praying, that "suthin mus be done right away."

During the last ten years—dating from the effect

tual and definitive suppression of that quite insane and uncalled for revolutionary episode of 1848—the management of affairs in Europe has been in the hands of Kings, Emperors, Princes and other solemply constituted conservative powers. They have in that time had everything in their own wise way. Excepting two hundred thousand men killed in perfeetly orthodox, regular, Christian and gentlemanlike warfare, and a few thousand men imprisoned or exiled to death, and a few thousands exiled or imprisoned just not to death, the peoples have been governed in the most paternal manner. Not a free Press, nor a free speech in a free "meeting"—in fine, no elament of social disorganization anywhere from the British Channel to the Bosphorus for ten years. The outcome of which is that Don Peppino is the most triumphant of living continental European Channel Ch pean rulers, and Louis Napoleon (the two-fold ille-gitimate) the most preponderate.

For the rest of them, since the Conference of

Baden, two months ago, they do nothing but call upon one another to know what is to be done next. Prussian Prince Regent and Austrian Emperor met the other day at Toplitz, ever since when German ournalists have been elaborately proving their profound ignorance of what took place at the meeting. P. R. leaves to go to Ostend to confer with Belgian King Leopold, but will go to Warsaw to meet Czar Alexander, to whom already he has sent a letter by hand of his sister, dowager-Czarina, requesting that F. Joseph may be invited to said review. P. R. of Prussia will also receive Queen Victoria and her subordinate husband on their visit to Berlin and other parts of Germany. This worthy lady is the sole European monarch who can travel without political baggage. She comes to see her grandchildren at Berlin, and to give subordinate Prince consort opportunity to revisit native scenes of his youth. Kaiser F. Joseph, awaiting permissive invitation to call upon Czar Alexander at military review near Warsaw, arranges a meeting with King of Bavaria, who long ago gave a standing, or what, under the circumstances, might be styled a running invitation to the Pope to come to Warzing whenever, as the late Sarah Gamp was used to say, he should feel so dispoged. The Duke of Baden is now on a visit to the French Emperor, at the military camp of Chalons, whither the little Prince Imperial, in charge of his governess, has just gone to suck in the pacific principles of The Emperor himself leaves there soon on a tour to Savoy and Algiers. In the early part of his travels, probably at Monaco, he is likely to meet Victor Emanuel or his abler lieutenant, and, for all diplomatic purposes, alter ego Camille Cavour, (who is more than his long-headed Majesy's match), in the latter part of them a meeting with the Queen of Spain, at Barcelona. The livest of all European Powers, as I have already said, is about to take lodgings at Naples, rice Francis, ex-King, removed. The Sultan and the Pope both seem in imminent danger of going further and faring

#### STATE OF BRITISH MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LONDON, July 14, 1860. After the résumé given in my last letter of the Factory Reports of Sir John Kincaid and Mr. Redgrave, it still remains for me to take notice of the report of Mr. Robert Baker, Inspector of Factories for Ireland and part of Cheshire, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Worces tershire, and Warwickshire. The total number of accidents in Mr. Baker's district amounted to 601, of which 9 per cent only occurred to children, while 33 per cent happened to persons above 18 years of age. A closer analysis of these accidents will prove, firstly, that the ratio of accidents to population is greatest in those branches of industry where the mach nery employed is not subject to legal control, and, secondly, that in the textile fabrics, where the same sort of machinery is employed, the bulk of accidents falls upon the largest mills. In regard to the employment of 198,565 operatives, belonging to the district of Mr. Baker. the lat er gives, for the last half year, the following

1 to every 42

In all these textile fabrics, the machinery is pro tected-that is to say, provided with such contrivances for the security of the operatives that use it as are prescribed by the protective clauses of the Factory Act. If we now turn, for example, to Nottingham, where a large number of persons, and especially of children, are employed among ma-chinery which is not protected by the law, we shall find that there were entered on the books of the General Hospital, in 1859, 1,500; and on those of the Dispensary, 794 accidents; making a total of 2.294 among a population estimated to not exceed 62,583. This gives the number of accidents within the borough of Nottingham as 1 to every 27, a proportion compared with which the accidents in the protected textile fabrics appears almost insignificant. Again, in Birmingham, which is full of em-ployments of every kind, both with and without connection with power, where there are only two small textile factories, and where, generally, there is no compulsory protection to the machinery among which the young makers are engaged, the propor tion of accidents to population was as I to 34. The great advantages derived from the protective clauses of the Factory Act, and from the more general en-forcement of these clauses, is also shown by a com-

perison of all the accidents reported to all the Inspectors for the half years ending the 31st of Octo-ber, 1845, and the 30th of April, 1846, with the half years ending with October and April, 1858 and 1859. In the latter period, the gross diminution of accidents was equal to 29 per cent, although there had taken place an increase of workers of 20 per cent, at the lowest estimate. nt, at the lowest estimate. Now, as to the distribution of accidents between

larger and smaller mills, I think the following facts, stated by Mr. Baker, to be decisive: During the last half year, out of the 758 cotton factories of his

last half year, out of the 758 cotton factories of his district, employing 107,000 persons, all the accidents which occurred happened in 167 factories, employing about 40,000 persons; so that in 591 factories, employing 67,000 persons, there were no accidents at all. In like manner, out of 387 smaller mills all the accidents happened in 28 mills; out of 153 flax mills all the accidents happened in 45 mills, and out of 774 wilk factories all the accidents happened. and out of 774 silk factories all the accidents hapand out of 774 silk factories all the accidents hap-pened in 14 mills, so that in a large proportion of each branch of trade there were no accidents whatever by machinery, and in every branch the bulk of the accidents happened in the largest mills. The latter phenomenon Mr. Baker tries to account for by the two causes, that in the largest mills the transition state from old, unprotected, to new machinery is, comparatively, most protracted and gradual; and, secondly, that in these larger concerns the rapidity with which the hands are collected together grows in the same ratio as the moral centrol exercised over such establishments diminishes. "These two causes," says Mr. Baker, "operate most distinctly in the production of accidents. In the former, the remains of the old machinery which has never been protected, and wherein gathering parts of wheels still remain, are even more destructive from that very circumstance, since, in the safety of the new, the danger of the remaining old is forgotten, while, in the latter, the perpetual scramble for every minute of time, where work is going on by an unvarying power, which is indicated at, perhaps. a thousand horses, necessarily leads to danger. In such mills, moments are the elements of profit—the attention of everybody's every instant is demanded. It is here, where to borrow one of Liebig's sentiments, there may be seen a perpetual struggle between life and inorganic forces; where the mental energies must direct, and the animal energies must move and be kept equivalent to the revolutions of the spindles. They must not lag, notwithstand-ing the strain upon them either by excessive ex-citement or heat; nor be suspended for an instant by any counter attention to the various movements around, for in every lagging there is loss.

Thus it is that fingers are laid upon wheels supposed to be secure, either from their position, or from the slowness of their motion when the attention tion is wrongly directed elsewhere. Thus, work men, in hastening to produce a certain amount of pounds weight of yarn within a given time, forget to look under their machines for their little 'piecers.' Thus many accidents arrive from what is called self-carelessness."

During the last half year, all the textile manufac tures, that of silk excepted, were highly prosperous in Ireland as well as the English districts of Mr. The only check which seemed to keep the different branches of industry within bounds, the increasing scarcity of raw material. In the cotton trade, the erection of new mills, the forma-tion of new systems of extension, and the demand for hands had, at no former time, been exceeded. Nothing was more remarkable than the new move-ments in search of raw material. Thus, in imitation of the Cotton Supply Association of Lancashire, a Flax Supply Association had been founded at Belfast. While for the five years ending with 1853, the average importation of flax, with the flax crop of Ireland added, had amounted to 113,-409 tuns per annum, it was, for the last five years, ending with 1858, only 101,672 tuns, showing a diminution of 12,000 tuns per annum, with an increased annual value of exports of £1,000,000. The price of wool, already above the average, dur-ing the period over which the last Factory Reports extend, has since then been continually rising. The rapid extension of the woolen manufactories, and increased demand for mutton both in Great Britain and in the Colonies, may be considered as the permanent causes of this rise in the wool prices. As an accidental cause menacing to shorten th usual supply of wool, must be considered the peculiar character of the season; many sheep having died during the Winter from bad or improper food, and many lambs having perished during the Spring from cold, want of food, and by a disease that proved fatal in a few hours.

The only trade that was seriously checked during the last six months, consequent upon the conclusion of the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, and the fears entertained concerning the effects of foreign experience that the silk trade. The pressure thus exercised has been gradual, so that at the moment I write this letter more than 13,000 weavers are out of employment in Coventry alone, every loom being stopped. This crisis is the more to be regretted. since, as I remarked in a letter on the Factory Reports of 1859, there had been springing up at Coventry a number of cottage silk factories, in which the workmen employed their own families, with now and then a little hired laborer. These factories had, since the commencement of 1860, been considerably increased in number. in fact, a recurrence to the former domestic facturers, only with the addition of steam-power, but wholly different to the new cooperative system of Lancashire and Yorkshire. With them the householder is the master, the weaver the renter of power, sometimes the employer of other labor, as well as that of his own family. He has either bought his two looms out and out, or upon credit, and is paying for them so much a week; or he has hired them, probably from his landlord, who is a builder and speculator. He, besides, hires the power wanted. There is said to be as much difference now between the work thus done upon the weaver's loom and that done upon the masters', as there is almost between the French ribbon and the English one. Still it is apprehended, and Mr. Robert Baker. in his report, seems to share this ap-prehension, that this domestic labor, combined with he employment of mechanical power, will be unable to stand commercial shocks. It is probable that the English manufacturer, to cope with his French rival, will be compelled to recur to the emplayment of capital on a large scale, which must break up the cottage silk factories competing at his

## GARIBALDI AFTER THE BATTLE.

Alexandre Dumas, in a letter to his friend Carini, gives a very graphic account of some occurrences afer the battle of Melazzo, containing personal deails concerning Garibalci which will be found of great interest. We translate a portion of his letter:

"It was not until 9 o clock in the morning that we loubled the cape of Melazzo. The first thing that we saw, as we rounded the light-house, was the steamer Takeri, towed by about twenty boa's. A fisherm in whom we hailed told us that she had broken her right wheel. "So Garibaldi is deprived of one of his most power

ful means of action.

"The shore of the peninsula presented the appear ance of a camp; some twenty families were scattered along the beach, camped under hastily-constructed tente; others were on board of small vessels at ancho near the shore, sheltered by the steep declivity of the mountain from the cannon of the fort. And others were in little natural grottree formed by the sea.

'We went outside and passed under the cannon of the fort, and by a governmental scraple I had our flag taken down and my personal banner run up instead.

"General Besco did not think us worthy of his wrath, and allowed us to anchor quietly at a cablelength from the fort. " From there we could see the soldiers-Napolitans,

Bayarians and Swise-crowded together in the courts of the cutle. "The great barracks of the fort were obliged to dis-

gorge their surplus. "This surplus was cooking under a temperature of 95 degrees. The Tukéri, still towed by her boats, passed within fifty yards of us and anchored in the

"The canpon of the fort remained dumb and allow ed her to accomplish this maneuver without disturb-

"This appeared to us to angur well; we thought

that negotiations had been opened between the Italians and the Neapolitans. This belief gained not only from the elence of the cannon, but from the cessation of the fuellade.

"Scarcely had we east anchor when a boat carrying a red shirt—so the Garibaldians are denominated by the Sicilians-came towards the yacht.

"The General sent me word to come into the part and take shelter behind the Tukéri. In a quarter of an hour we occupied that position, and I went on board

"The General was waiting for me, pleasant and serene, as he always is; indeed, you cannot find a face so calm as his; it is really, as Dante says, the lion in repose. No communication had yet been opened between him and the fort, but the very numbers of the Neapolitans gave him confidence. He thought that the fort had not provisions for a long siege, and that it must

econ be cut of provisions or ammunition.

"While we were talking a little row-boat came up; the General exchanged a few words with the man who was on board, and then gave his orders to his staff-offi-

"One of them whispered to me: 'News from Messina; we shall have to use both hands now.'

"As to the General, he only said: 'Let us go and ee your yacht.'

"They brought him a paper to sign; it was a credit of 500,000 francs opened for him.

"After eigning it he glanced over my little vessel and said: 'If I was rich I would have a yacht like yours myself.'

"Lis'en well to this, Sicilians my compatriots, Italians my brothere! This man, who disposes of the wealth and blood of Sicily, and who is now giving to Piedmont two millions of men; this man is not rich enough to pay \$5,000 for a yacht!

"Yesterday I compared him to Cincinnatus, but contrasted with this man, who on the might after a battle has nothing to lay his head upon but his saddle, Cincinnatus was a millionaire. When Cincinnatus put up his sword he returned to his plow. Then he had a plow. And if he had a plow he had land. "Garibaldi has nothing but his rock of Caprera.

"We went on board the yacht; a bottle of champagne was poured into the glasses which I took from the royal palace at Palermo, and which are my part of the spoils of King Francis II., and we drank the health of Italy.
"Garibaldi drank water, his usual drink.

"While we were talking under the awning of the

deck, Garibaldi suddenly arose. A steamer coming from the direction of Palerme

was doubling a point of Melazzo.

"With his sailor's eye Garibaldi had recognized

"'It is he,' said he; and, holding out his hand, he " Au recoir; go back to Palermo and do your best there for our cause; as for me, I have work on board

"We embraced, and he went on shore. "There was a horse in waiting, and he was soon

of this vessel.

lost in the streets of Melazzo A quarter of an hour afterwards he reappeared on the jetty. "During this time the steamer was approaching,

and my yacht was getting under way.

"All our sailors agreed in calling the new comes English, but she obstinately refused to show her col-

"At eight of the steamer, all the little Sicilian boats hoping for the debarkation of passengers, had started o row toward the mysterious stranger.

"Just as they were about a hundred yards off, and we about fifty, a light cloud of smoke was seen on the platform of the castle, and at the same time we heard the report of the shot and the whistling of the ball.

"The ball fell between the Sicilian boats and the steamer and exploded. "Ah! my dear Carini, you would have laughed had

you seen the panic which rose among the boatmen. "Part of them took shelter behind our yacht, which was hardly sufficient to shelter them from a musket or

pistol-ball. 'In the midst of these boats, which were flying like flock of frightened birds, a single one kept on in the

direct line, inflexible as he whom it bore. "For he whom it bore was Garibaldi. The fort continued to fire on the steamer: the balls went too

high or too low: none struck her. At the eighth ball only she run up her flag; it was the Eng ish Jack.

"But, in spite of the English flag, there was another shot from the fort; it is true, this was the last.

"We were then about thirty yards from the steamer; she turned her prow toward us, and we could read

"Garibaldi approached her, went on deck, and

m the deck he mounted the trail-board

"He threw us a last bon voyage, and steamed off under fall head-way.

"Ten minutes afterwards he disappeared behind the coint of Melazzo.

"Here, my dear Carini, you have all the details which I can give you. To morrow or the next day, according to the caprice of the wind. I shall see again this heantiful Palermo, which has hestowed her citizen-

ship upon me, and I shall embrace you. It will be a time both for pride and for affection.
"Yours, ALEXANDRE DUMAS." Yours,

## GARIBALDI IN MESSINA.

The Malta Times publishes the following letter from its correspondent at Messina, dated 31st ult.:

"I have to tell you that on two nights back more troops came pouring in, about 5,000 or 6,000 from Melszao, with three field-pieces, and 2,000 men from Catania, under the command of Col. Heber, The Times correspondent. Gen. Bixio and Garibaldi's son are also expected to-day from Catania with 3,000 more pers. They late Catania for this on the night of son are also expected to-day from Catania with 3,000 more men. They left Catania for this on the night of the 29th. Garibaldi has lost no time since he came here. By Sunday morning he had already made a battery of eight guns at the Faro Point, which is to be increased to thirty guns. Early in the morning of the 27th, Fabrizzi came into Messina alone, the royal troops having abandoned the town during that night, taking good care, as usual, to open the prison-doors to two hundred and fifty cut throats and housebreakers, about sixty of whom have already been seized, but the about sixty of whom have already been seized, but the rest have made for the country. About 9:30 a.m., Fabrizzi's men came in, and shortly after Medici and his column—altogether, during the day, it is said that 4,500 arrived in Messina. The Italian heroes are well pleased with the reception given to them by the Messi ese, who, however, were not well prepared for such an unexpected entry, notwithstanding which, in a very short time, a number of shops were opened, and as the I alians came in they were received with immense ap-plause; many persons were to be seen handing refresh-I alians came in they were received with immense applause; many persons were to be seen handing refreshments to the men, others with jugs of water, cigars, rice, hot bread, inst baked for them, and showing other alten ions for which the Messinese are noted. All the cafes have orders not to charge for anytuing that the troops may take, and it is the same with the eigar-shops. Preparations were ordered to be made for the reception of Garibaldi, who was to come in on the 28th; but he popped into town in a hackney-coach, at a quarter to three the day before, just as all the people were taking doner. He was, however, discovered as he was going down San Leone. His carriage was immediately surrounded; and, though he protested against it, the horses were taken ont, and high and low were pulling away, crying, "Viva Garibaldi! Viva! Italia!" The crowd increased every instant, every one leaving his maccaroni to welcome his deliverer. At last his carriage stopped at the house where the Intendente used to live. He got out, and managed to step into the house; but he made the people shout for some five minutes before he showed himself in the balcory; the applause was immense, beside clapping of hands. One hour after his arrival, he was in a carriage again, and off to the Faro. As he had expressed this wish as soon as he arrived, a carriage was sent forward to state that Garibaldi was coming on that road within an hour, on which bouquets were made in no time, so that when he passed, he was well received. On his return from the Faro, all the country houses were illuminated, and as he passed along, large bonfires, with straw and hay, were made, which gave a tremendous glare. The town was illuminated, and tri colored flags, without end, hung from the balconies. The people in town were disspointed, however; for Garibaldi, when entering the town, got out of the carriage, and, running up some dirty lanes, managed to escape the cheering prepared for him by the anxiously awaiting crowd, who saw nothing but the empty carriage. This mor

5.00 men left in it. The two forts on the hill are to be bottomen left in it. The two foreson the first are to distribute. The Royal troops cannot pass Terranova, but some of the officers are seen about our streets and in the catée, fraternizing with the Italians. A good many deserters come over; they walk about in the Neapolitan uniform, with a wide-awake and tri-colored hand-kerchief, and the likeness of Garibaldi tied about their

#### CALIFORNIA.

The United States Mail Steamship Ariel, from Aspinwall August 16, with the California mails of the let inst , arrived here yesterday. She left at Aspinwall the U. S. Stereship Release, from Rio Hache in two days. The steamer Baltimore sailed on the 15th inst. for New-York, via Jamaica.

He lottowing in fu	e Arie	is specie nat:	
ard & Co	\$12,000	E. Kelly & Co	2
T	1,400	Conroy & O'Connor	26
lams & Deland	4,000	American Exchange Bk.	ÿ
T	15,922	Jennings & Brewster	9
in & Sanders	30,000	P. Naylor	15 12
instein & Bros	7,450	Furman & Co	ij
stadter Bros	16,000	Duncan, Sherman & Co. 18	ü
Il Bros	84,000	Wells, Fargo & Co 12	ü
fe, McCabill & Co	40,150	Cooper & Failows	
traus, Bros. & Co	20,040	D. M. Echaverria	2
T.,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	11,690	J. Overland & Co	8
. Seligman & Co	27,000	C. Laneburg & Bro	3
atrick	40,000	Trevor & Colegate	ā
Wier	8,990	H. J. Krauss	ıű
iden & Williams	2,500	Order	а
klin & Crane	18,252	Section along Adding	ĕ

Among the passengers by the Ariel is Thomas Francis Meagher. After an absence of seven months, he returns from Costa Rica, having succeeded in obtaining from the Government of that Republic a grant extending over 60 years for a railroad across the Isthmus of Chiriqui, connecting the Boca del Toro on the Atlantic with the Gulf of Dolce on the Pacific. The seal of the Republic was attached to the grant the 24th of July, it having passed both houses of Congress after six weeks discussion, two only of the House of Deputies voting against it, while the Senate was unanimous in ta favor.

# From Our Own Correspondent. SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1860.

The schooner Caroline E. Foote arrived here on the 25th instant, from the Amoor River, with fifteen Tartar amels (two humped), to be used in transporting goods in Utah. Eight of them are males and seven females. There were 32 of them, but 17 died last Winter while they were frozen fast in the Amoor. Since getting to eea, they have all done well. They are shipped by Mr.
Otto Esche, a merchant of Nicolaeffeky, formerly of this city. They are to be exhibited, under his orders, for the benefit of the German Benevolent Society of San Francisco, and then sold. It is said that a number of persons are anxious to get the camels for packing in Utah. They are large, healthy, hardy animals, capable of carrying 1,000 pounds each, and are excellently suited to the business of packing silver ore. The Alta

suited to the business of packing silver ore. The Alta says:

"The ability of these Tartar camels to endure the cold was abundantly tested during their stay at Ni colsefisty through the whole Winter, when the great Amoor River was frozen over, and ice three feet thick continued for months in still fresh water. Tartary is in the center of Asia, and beers a singular resemblance in many of its features to Utah. It has a similar cleration, similar basins with no outlet to the ocean, similar lates of sait, similar rosardy expectation, similar hot, brief Summers, and long severe Winters. It is from such a district these camels came, and for such a one they are peculiarly fitted. Stronger in the back than the home, more hardy, thriving on scantier food, better able to endure thiret, competent to go faster and travel further, they are just the animais for a roadless country like Utah. Their introduction into use will be attended by various difficulties arising from the cost of Importing them, the inexperience of our people in managing them, and the unsteadiness of our business sfair; but all these will be overcome in time, and the camel will take its place among the most important domestic animals of our content."

The Caroline E. Foote was to have started from

The Caroline E. Foote was to have started from Nicolaeffsky on the 25th November last, but on the 24th she was frozen in, and then was held fast until the end of May.

It is reported that very rich veins of silver ore have

end of May.

It is reported that very rich veins of silver ore have been discovered in the south eastern part of the State, east of Owens' Lake. They are called the "Coso Mines." Some of the ore has been brought to this city and assayed, and found to contain from \$1,500 to \$2,500 of silver to the tun. The news has been brought to this city by a Mr. Farley, a young lawyer of Oroville, who went down to Owens Lake on a prospecting expedition last Spring. The Alta, making a report of Mr. Farley's statements, says:

"The Coso mining region is about 50 miles square. It has for natural boundaries the Sierra Nevada on the west, the lofty peaks of Owens' Mountains on the north, an extensive dry lagoon on the east, which extends around to Darwin's Canon, and thence south to Owens' Little Lake. In many parts of this district—as far as where our informant explored—the party found evidences of rich silver and gold mines. There are indications of copper and from the lower part, where volcanic agency is noticeable; but higher up, where the country has been left undisturbed by such action, they found gold, silver and lead outcropping as at Washoo—the leads varying from three to twenty inches in width. These were offenset found sulphurets, though virgin silver was repeatedly discovered. One vein paid at the rate of eighty per cent to the pan, but the lack of water must, nearly all the year, prove a serious drawback to working them. Water can only be obtained from springs, which are ten or fifteen miles apart, or by digging ten or fifteen feet, The gold is fine. The party took up ninety claims.

About the country itself, Mr. Farley says:

"Nature seems to have withheld from the Coso mining district all save mineral wealth, that can renders country attractive to man. It is tre-less; and, with the exception of bolding springs, waterless, and it is in rare isotances that even a limited tract of land can be found susceptible of cutivation. Birds are scarcely ever seen, and only deer are found in remote place, where scanty signs of v

try are a few scattered Indians (the Coso tribe), who, like those of Washoe, live on herbs, roots, and worms. They run swiftly away upon seeing the whites. They build huts of cane, and huddle together in the canons, where they pass a wretched, larg "About twenty miles to the southward of Silver Mountain, the party visited an active volcano, at some elevation above the

hoddle together in the canons, where they pass a wretched, lary existence.

"About twenty miles to the southward of Silver Mountain, the party visited an active volcano, at some elevation above the surrounding country, and which threw out hot mad and seam. A curious leature about this was that, at distances of three feet apart, there were holes, each of which wonlied forth different colored mud-some scariet, others a bright yellow, and others as blue as indigo. This spurted out in a thick, gisey consistency, ran slowly down the sides like lava, and cooled to a substance herd as rock.

"Not far from this mud volcano, they visited an opening which emitted the most unbearable heat, as from an own, and here the Indians had been accustomed to bring rabbits, islands, and other game, to be cocked—relative furnishing the fuel and fire gratis.

"In snother direction, was discovered a tremendous ociling spring, 40 feet long by about 20 wide. This appeared to be of immense depth, and was heated to the boiling point, presenting, in fact, an enormous cauldron of boiling water, bubbling and steaming exactly as a pot would do over a hot fire. The water, when cooled, had an intolerable taste of alum. The hissing and reaming exactly as a pot would do over a hot fire. The water, when cooled, had an intolerable taste of alum. The hissing and reminding. All the country around, for twenty miles, seems to have been harm up with a fierce heat. The ground is hot for a mile around the volcano, and the peaks of the hills are all heated. "Mr. Farley had a marrow escape near one of the hot-much lakes. Not being aware of the treacherous nature of the ground, he turned his horse toward a green-looking place, where there appeared to be something like feed. He had advanced but a few yards when the crust upon which the horse trad began to heat through, while the ground began to bend in and tremble, as in a morass or quaking boy. His horse reared, and when the rider attempted to turn him, he broke through, his feet entering into a hot substance

blings."
On the 24th inst. the Spanish brig Natoma arrived at the mouth of our harbor with 600 coolies on board, bound for the Chincha Islands. She was short of water and provisions, but did not come in, for fear of

bound for the Chincha Islands. She was short of water and provisions, but did not come in, for fear of our revenue laws. She lay off and sent in for such articles as she needed. The revenue cutter Wm. L. Marcy was sent out to seize her for being a slaver, for carrying more passengers than the law allows, and for anchoing more than 48 hours within the jurisdiction of this Collection district without reporting herself at the Custom-House. The attempt to make the arrest, however, failed; the brig got her supplies and was off before the Marcy could reach the point where the Natoma had been lying at anchor.

A terrible series of murders has lately been committed in Sacramento County, by a man named Wm. Wells, a low fellow, who has for some time borne the reputation of being a thief, and bas several times been in prison, on charges of larceny. About a week ago an e derly Gern an, named Martin Wetzel, was murdered in Sacramento city, and money and jewelry to a considerable value were taken from he nouse by the murderer. Circumstances threw suspicion upon Wells, who immediately fied to Washoe, where he was arrested a couple of days since. Yesterday morning, 26th inst., at 2 o'clock, as Wm. C. Stoddard, a teamster, living near Nicolaus, Satter County, George Armstrong, a Texan, 50 years of age, and Timothy Whorten, Deputy Sheriff of Satter County, were bringing Wells to Sacramento city, from which place they were then only one mile distant, the murderer took a revolver from the side of Armstrong, who had fallen asleep, and attacked his guards. He shot Stoddard dead, and wounded the others mortally. Armstrong died in an hour, and Whorten, though still living in Sacramento, must cound die. There is a great excitement about the affair around Sacramento, and the whole neighborhood is, full of armed men hunting for Wells, who is still at large.

A telegram to the city papers this morning, states

A telegram to the city papers this morning, stat A telegram to the city papers this morning, states that a fight occurred between a constable and his men, and some Indians, near Lancha Plana, three miles from Campo Seco, Calaveras County, yesterday, in which the constable was killed and several others wounded; several Indians also were killed. Many were engaged so both rides. The constable was after stolen horses. An expert in signatures, Mr. B. R. Nashi, was called yesterday as a witness in regard to Broderich's